

# Ode to the Smell of Books

Emma Jacus

BLUE HERON MIDDLE SCHOOL | 6<sup>TH</sup> GRADE

From the skillful pen of a writer  
all the way to the printing press  
and into my hands—

you look like a heavy pillow  
and warm blanket

you are smooth  
but dangerous  
like a knife  
with two sides

you are light—  
a golden brown  
that beckons me

I remember the thrill of anticipation  
coursing down my spine as I open  
the pages of a new book

I feel longing  
and an itch  
to read you

you are not  
boring, dull,  
or tiresome

you move slow  
and quick,  
loud  
yet quiet,  
in the light  
but always  
in the shadows.

